

Sam Finds God In The Phone Book

By Raymond Martin

I thought the afternoon would pass slowly. I really wasn't expecting to find God in the phonebook. But something inside me prevented me from passing up the easy solutions. Just as I was about to try the yellow pages I found it. Halfway down the second column. It just about bit my nose off. God A. 351 E52 St.. 666-4666. Something inside me felt disappointed. I was at least expecting him to have an unlisted number. But I couldn't fight fate. I picked up the phone and dialed... no answer. That made sense. God would be a very busy man. Particularly in New York. I checked the Browning. If this case took a weird twist it could become my best friend. I walked out into the city. As I stood next to the black bomber of an old car, I realized I'd been wrong before. It was a '38 alright, but it was a Buick, not an Olds. I got in and turned it over. It sounded like "The Spirit of St. Louis", but it ran. Well at least it trotted.

As I lurched and wheezed my way to midtown, I realized it would take some time to get used to a pre-war standard shift. I had just found second gear when I arrived.

It was a painfully typical midtown highrise. I walked to the elevator through the potted

plants. I checked the directory. God A---1209. I got on the elevator, smiled for the camera, pressed 12 and three minutes of musak later I was standing at God's door.

I knocked as respectfully as possible. The door was answered by a man who could only be described as awesome. He was 6'1", wore a dark grey with pale yellow pinstriped, three piece suit; he had short brown hair just beginning to grey. He looked like an IBM executive enjoying a quiet evening at home. Even down to his condescending smile. "May I help you?" he asked as he gazed at me with mild distaste. "Yes, my name is Sam Shmuck and I've been hired to verify that you exist," I said. "Please come in," he offered.

His apartment was astounding. It had a lovely view of the East River through a picture window that made up most of one wall. Another wall was taken up by the biggest, most massive fireplace I'd ever seen. On top of it was the most gauche and yet compelling awesome piece of statuary I ever hope to see. It was a huge jade eagle in full wingspread.

As I was regaining my breath, God offered me a drink, which I gladly accepted. As I sat down with my rye and ginger ale, I asked him for his first name. He chuckled for a

moment, looked me right in the eye and said matter-of-factly, "Almighty, Schmuck. I suppose you'll want an explanation. Well my grandfather had his name legally changed to God when he found his birth name interfering with his bible and hymnal trade. Since the name change the God family has made a fortune in the religious equipment trade. And as for my first name... well, my father had a weird sense of humor. My brother was named Jesus."

It is difficult to smile while you choke on a rye and ginger ale, but I worked it out. Finally I was able to rasp, "Then you're not 'The God'?"

"Well, since Jesus died in a bathroom accident five years ago I've been my family's only God. But to answer you, I'm the only God I know of."

I decided I was barking up the wrong diety. I drained my glass, stood up and moved to the door. I turned and said, "Well thank you Mr. God, but you're not quite who-or-what I've been hired to find."

He turned purple and screamed at me, "Look Medammit, I didn't ask you in here to tell me I don't exist. Get your scummy coat out of here!!"

After leaving the building I entered a phone booth and dialed the number that Ms. Famore had given me. As I was dialing the last digit a black

Cadillac sedan pulled up next to the booth and the business end of a tommy gun pointed in my general direction. As I was listening to the quiet ringing in my ear, a far more attention-getting noise splattered around me. I felt like a cockroach caught inside an electric typewriter. I studied the dirty steel floor with a passion I thought I'd lost early in med school. As the shooting stopped and the Caddy careened away, I rolled out into a combat crouch dripping shreds of glass along the way. I whipped out the automatic, ripping my coat and cutting my forehead in the process. I squeezed off two shots which hit a taxi, which rammed a nearby wall, and emitted some half-hearted screams. As I got my heart, stomach and intestines back into place I realized the gun's recoil had blasted me two blocks away. I put it in my other pocket and slowly walked back to my car. I consoled myself with the fact that the car could be found again; a black Caddy, four-door, New York registration...New York registration... "Shit," I hissed. I weaved through the traffic of police cars and ambulances. I asked myself if this was really the stuff dreams were made of. Right then I wouldn't bet a pint of Tibetan Yak urine on it. I turned and rumbled toward Mulberry Street.

Students Receive Awards

Dr. Daniel M. Poore, chairman of the Master of Public Administration program at Penn State-Capitol Campus, has announced that four students have been awarded Public Service Education Fellowships in the M.P.A. program at campus.

The fellowships come from the U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare, under title IX of the Higher Education Act of 1965 and provide tuition and a \$3000 stipend for 12 months.

The four fellowship recipients are Lorrie B. Bottomley of Mansfield, Ohio, a sociology/psychology graduate of Miami University of Ohio; Christina M. Cox of Elizabethtown, Pa., a social science graduate from Penn State-Capitol Campus; Gerald E. Cross of Plains, Pa., a graduate of Kings College in political science; and Douglas E. Hill of Coraopolis, Pa., a political science graduate from Westminster College.

The M.P.A. program in which the recipients participate requires 39 graduate credits, 9 of which will require field study work done over a period of 8 months in a state or local government agency or health institution. The program is intended to prepare the participant for a career as an administrator or director in local, state and federal government, the health care delivery system, welfare institutions or other public service organizations.

SGA Attendance Officers

Present: Cliff Eshbach, Ray Martin, Carol Uhlig
Excused: Beth Kopas
Absent: Maria Robinson, Kitty Nestor

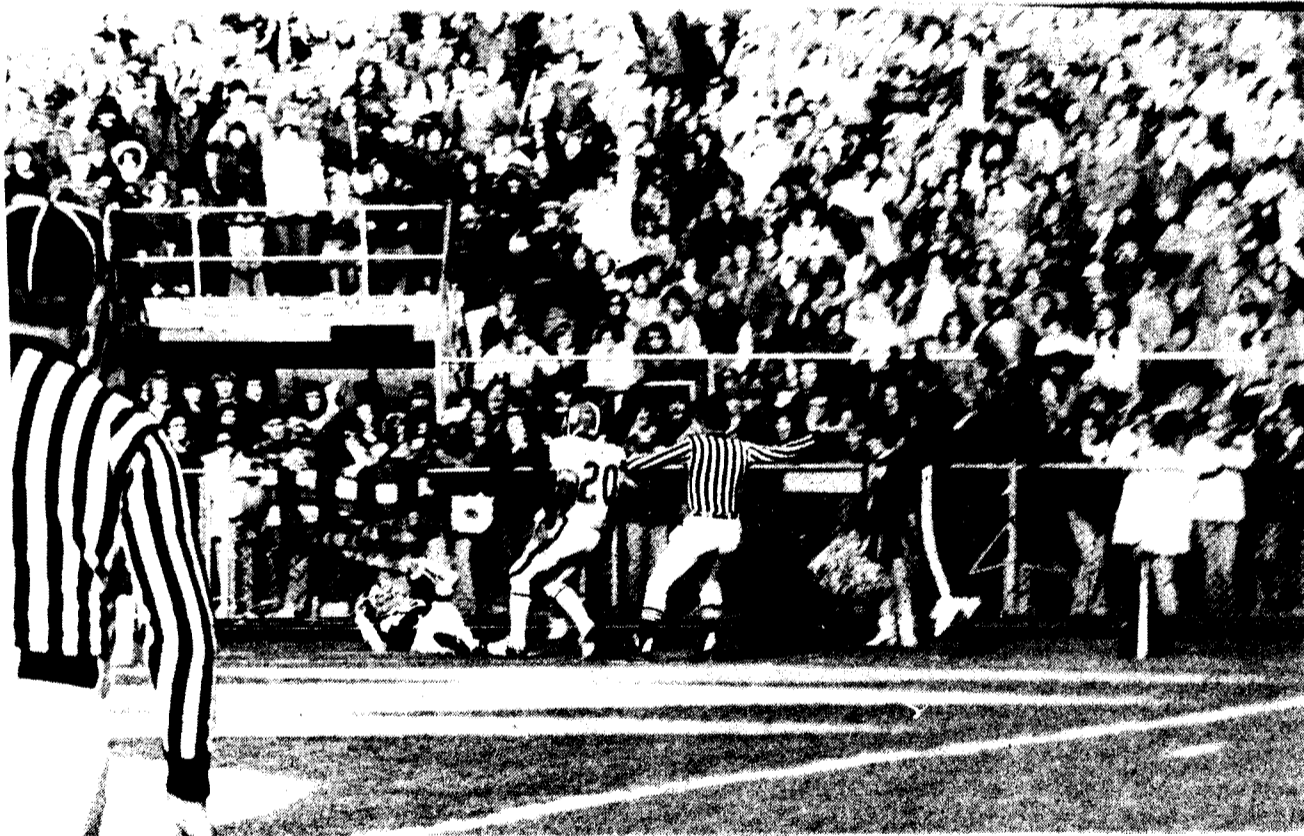
Sr. Senators

Present: Charles Alesky, Katie Fee, Terry Gallagher, Lenny Klonsko, Vern Martin, George Rovnack, John Sternick, Lou Ann Mahalick

Jr. Senators

Present: Charles Cales, Nellie Jiwani, Diane Lewis, Bill Long, Joe Mahar, Elliot Reiff, Christine Van Zandt

Special run-off election for Junior SGA Senator and Senator-At-Large for Social Science will be held on Monday, Nov. 21, from 9:15 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. at the round table. **VOTE!**



They caught me. Another second and I could have been in bounds.

